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#13

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"THAT'S NOT MUCH TO GO ON, I'M AFRAID. DO YOU HAVE A FIRST NAME? MAYBE THE TOWN HE'S ORIGINALLY FROM?"

AMERICAN EMBASSY, BERLIN

NOFFEL...DOESN'T RING A BELL. YOU SAY HE'S A GERMAN SPY?

COULD NOFFEL BE A CODENAME?

I DON'T KNOW. LOOK, ALL I KNOW IS HE'S AN ESCAPED NAZI SPY. HE'S A WAR CRIMINAL, AND HE NEEDS TO BE FOUND.

MR. TRACY, I HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU...

...BUT IF WE WENT SEARCHING FOR EVERY NAZI WHO SLIPPED THROUGH THE CRACKS AFTER THEIR BELOVED FÜHRER DIED, WE'D HAVE TIME FOR NOTHING ELSE.

BUT THE WAR'S OVER, AND WE'RE LOOKING FORWARD, NOT BEHIND.

YOU GO AHEAD AND DO THAT...

...JUST DON'T BE MAD WHEN YOU GET KNIFED IN THE BACK.

MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY THE BRITISH CONSULATE? CARL WAS ENGLISH, AFTER ALL.

WON'T DO US ANY GOOD-- THEY'LL SAY THE SAME THING THE U.S. EMBASSY TOLD US.

WAR'S OVER. NOBODY CARES.

WELL, YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO SHOW A GIRL A GOOD TIME-- EVEN ON A TRIP ABROAD.

I WASN'T TRYING TO.

YOU DON'T SAY.

THIS IS OUR FIRST TRIP TOGETHER.

YOU WERE THERE WHEN I CHASED THOSE BANK ROBBERS TO IOWA.

NOT QUITE WHAT I MEAN.

MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE A MOMENT TO *ENJOY*--

TESS...

...DON'T MOVE.

WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED.

COME ON, WE HAVE TO GO.

DOWN HERE.

FOLLOW--

--ME! THIS WAY!

THIS WAY!

THEY'RE GAINING ON US, SIR!

THAT'S FINE...

...I WANT THEM TO.

"TRACY! TRACY, DO YOU HEAR ME?"

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

I...I...

WE CAN'T LET THEM CATCH UP. THE MEN...ALL MY MEN...

WE HAVE TO KEEP MOVING!

HERE--OVER HERE.

WHO *WAS* THAT? NO ONE KNOWS WE'RE HERE.

WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF ESPIONAGE...

...ALL THE WRONG NEWS TRAVELS *FAST.*

MEANWHILE, IN THE CITY...

lefty's

"YEAH, WHAT'LL IT BE?"

JUST A BEER FOR ME.

AND ONE FOR MY FRIEND--

--MY GOOD PAL SHAKY.

HUH? UH... NO. NO, THANKS, SAM.

I WAS ON MY WAY OUT ANYWAY, SO...

WHERE YOU GOING, SHAKY? IT'S REALLY **RUDE** TO TURN DOWN A FREE DRINK.

LISTEN, I-I... DON'T DO THIS TO ME. OKAY? JUST-- JUST MEET ME OUT BACK. I'LL GO, YOU MEET ME.

ALL RIGHT, BUT IF YOU SKIP OUT ON ME--

--I'LL DO SOME SNITCHING OF MY OWN. GOT IT?

Y-YEAH, OF C-COURSE...

SHAKY, SHAKY, SHAKY. I'M A LITTLE UPSET I HAD TO COME ALL THIS WAY TO FIND YOU. YOU DON'T CALL, YOU DON'T WRITE...WHAT'S THE ***MATTER?***

AREN'T WE FRIENDS ANYMORE?

N-N-NO. NO, DETECTIVE. BUT, YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND...THINGS ARE TOO HOT RIGHT NOW.

THERE'S A ***WAR*** BREWIN' BETWEEN ***FANGS*** AND ***BIG BOY*** AND, YOU KNOW, SOMEONE LIKE ME...I GOTTA MAKE SURE I'M ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

SHAKY, I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANY WAR BETWEEN LOW-LIFE HOODS...

...I CARE ABOUT MY CAREER. THAT MEANS CLOSING CASES.

AND RIGHT NOW, THERE'S A BIG, JUICY CASE JUST SCREAMING TO BE CLOSED--

--THE ***SUMMER SISTERS.***

THAT'S WHERE ***YOU*** COME IN. WHO ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?

THE SUMMER SISTERS?

I-I...I DON'T KNOW. HONEST, I DON'T.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH, SHAKY.

THEY'RE MY TICKET TO THE TOP, SO YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO WORK A LITTLE HARDER...

...OR I'M GOING TO TELL THE ***WRONG*** PEOPLE WHAT A GREAT ASSET TO THE POLICE FORCE--

OKAYOKAY***OKAY!***

I HEARD SOMETHING. SOMETHING ABOUT A ROBBERY AT THE DOCKS. COULD BE NOTHING, COULD BE...I DON'T KNOW...

THERE YOU GO, SHAKY...

...WAS THAT SO HARD?

THIS IS THE PLACE?

I POKED AROUND, DID WHAT I DO BEST-- THEY SAY IF YOU WANT INFORMATION, THIS IS WHERE YOU COME.

ALL RIGHT...

...THEN LET'S GET TO IT.

JA? WHAT'LL IT BE?

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING OFF THE MENU...

...AND I'M PREPARED TO BE A VALUED CUSTOMER.

LOOK, I RUN A RESPECTABLE BUSINESS. YOU WANT SOMETHING *ILLEGAL*, YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG--

NOT ILLEGAL. SOMETHING MORE VALUABLE THAN GUNS OR ANY VICE--

--I'M AFTER *INFORMATION.*

MONEY FIRST, THEN TALK. TWO MINUTES.

TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT A MAN NAMED *CARL CLIMER.*

CARL CLIMER...

...NEVER HEARD OF HIM. HE AMERICAN? LIKE YOU?

BRITISH. AND I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.

YOU SAY YOU DEAL IN INFORMATION, THEN YOU SHOULD KNOW YOUR KIND.

QUIT WASTING MY TIME, AND TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT CARL, DAMN IT.

I-I DON'T KNOW ANY CARL CLIMER! AND IF YOU BROUGHT ME HERE JUST TO BE HARASSED, THEN--

WAIT, WAIT, WAIT. ENOUGH. THIS IS *NOT* WHY WE'RE HERE.

TRACY--

--TAKE A STEP *BACK.*

TAKE THIS, AND TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT A MAN NAMED NOFFEL. HE'S CONNECTED TO CARL, BUT NOFFEL IS WHO WE'RE *REALLY* AFTER.

NOFFEL? YES, I KNOW A NOFFEL...

HE IS, HOW YOU SAY... JACK OF ALL TRADES. ARMS, ILLEGAL MEDICINE, FOOD--IF IT HAS VALUE, YOU CAN BET NOFFEL HAS HIS HANDS IN IT.

HE SAYS HE IS AUSTRIAN BUT I KNOW--

--HE IS NAZI *DOG.* THROUGH AND THROUGH.

WHERE DO WE FIND HIM? THIS NAZI BASTARD-- WHERE IS HE?

THAT IS EASY, YOU FIND HIM WHERE YOU FIND ANY *RAT...*

...IN THE SEWERS.

"SISTER, I WONDER-- DID YOU THINK ALL THIS THIEVING WOULD BE, I DON'T KNOW...MORE *CHALLENGING?*"

PERHAPS IT IS EASIER THAN WE IMAGINED, MAY, OR...PERHAPS WE'RE JUST *THAT GOOD* AT IT.

THAT'S A DELIGHTFUL THOUGHT, JUNE. SPEAKING OF *THIEVING...*

...I DO THINK IT'S TIME THAT THE CAPTAIN LED US TO WHAT WE'VE COME FOR.

I DO AGREE. WE HAVE DONE ALL THIS WORK. IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT WE GET--

--WHAT WE DESERVE.

FREEZE! NOBODY MAKE A MOVE!

IT SEEMS, SISTER, THAT WE HAVE COMPANY.

VERY *RUDE* OF THEM TO JUST POP IN LIKE THIS, DON'T YOU THINK?

I'LL SAY! TALK ABOUT BAD MANNERS!

LET'S TEACH THEM A LESSON, FRIENDS!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

TAKE COVER!

AIIIERRGGHHH!

POLICE

THEY TAGGED SWIERCZYNSKI!

YOU GOTTA COVER ME, ALL RIGHT? I'M GOING IN!

YOU LOST YOUR MIND, SAM? THIS IS A FUCKING *BLOODBATH!*

I SAID COVER ME!

BAM

AAAAIIIIE! I'M HIT!

SPTKCH

MAY! SISTER!

WE GOT 'EM TURNING TAIL, SIS--

WE HAVE TO GO, NOW--MAY IS HURT!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

WHAT ABOUT THE LOOT, LADY? I DIDN'T SIGN UP FOR NO DAMN CHARIT--

BLAM

THAT IS MORE THAN ENOUGH.

ANYONE ELSE HAVE OPINIONS THEY'D LIKE TO SHARE?

DOWN THIS WAY! SOMEONE GET MAY'S FEET--AND BE GENTLE!

SURE THING, SIS.

DAMMIT.

BUT THE SHINY THINGS... SO MANY SHINY THINGS...

DON'T WORRY, SISTER, THERE'S TIME APLENTY TO GATHER MORE.

WE NEED TO GET YOU TO THE DOCTOR...

...THEN WE CAN GET OUR **JUST DESSERTS** ON THOSE COPS WHO SHOT YOU, DEAR.

NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT THESE LADIES WERE AFTER...

HOLY...

...HELL.

THERE'S GOTTA BE... MILLIONS IN HERE... HOW'D THE SISTERS KNOW IT WAS HERE...?

AND WHERE...

...IS IT *FROM?*

WHAT? NO... NO! *NAZI GOLD?!*

HOW'D THIS LOOT END UP IN THE CITY?

AND HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO EXPLAIN THIS TO MY MEN?

THE THINGS WE DO FOR *LOVE*...

HANZ WAS VAGUE WITH HIS DIRECTIONS, BUT I THINK WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

I'M NOT SHY ABOUT GETTING MY HANDS--OR FEET--DIRTY FOR A STORY, BUT CLUE ME IN, TRACY...WHAT ARE WE EVEN *LOOKING* FOR?

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A MAN--HOPEFULLY ONE WITH *ANSWERS*.

WELL, WE'LL DEFINITELY FIND A MAN.

WHAT IS IT?

BECAUSE NO WOMAN IN HER RIGHT MIND WOULD DRINK THIS KIND OF WATERED-DOWN ALE.

THIS WAY!

I THINK WE'VE *FOUND* HIM.

OR AT LEAST WHERE HE HANGS HIS HAT.

LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN HERE FOR SOME TIME--ENOUGH FOOD TO LAST *WEEKS.*

MAKES YOU WONDER...

...WHAT DRIVES A MAN TO HIDE UNDERGROUND LIKE THIS?

WHAT IS HE *AFRAID* OF?

SPLSSSHH

SOMEONE-- BEHIND US!

STOP!

WAIT! TRACY!

HOLD ON! STOP!

:HUFF:

:HUFF:

I SAID--

NGGGHHHH!

--WAIT!

OFF...GET OFF ME...PLEASE!

WHO ARE YOU? NOFFEL?

YES, YES-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHO ARE YOU?

I ASK THE QUESTIONS HERE-- AND YOU'RE GONNA ANSWER THEM!

DICK! CALM DOWN!

NNNGGGHHH!

THWACK

TELL ME NOW, OR SO HELP ME, YOU WON'T GET OUT OF THIS SEWER, NOFFEL.

WHY WERE YOU IN MY CITY? WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS THERE?

NO, NO BUSINESS, NOTHING--THEY PAY ME TO GO, BOAT THERE, PLANE BACK. NOTHING ELSE. I KNOW NOTHING!

THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH. WHO HIRED YOU? WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS?

KRRRKKK

TRACY! UP THERE!

HUH?

klik

BLAM

UUURRK!

NO! NOOO!

FLASH OF GUNPOWDER. EUROPE. THE SPLASH OF BLOOD ON MY FACE.

WAIT!

I HEAR THE SCREAMS AGAIN. THE EXPLOSIONS.

THE DEATH.

OOOF!

HEAD SPINNING. CAN'T PLACE THE KILLER--

CAN'T PLACE... MYSELF.

THE THRUM OF WAR. HEAD SPINNING. NOT HERE...NOT AGAIN.

BLOOD... SO MUCH... BLOOD...

TRACY-- WE HAVE TO GO.

I HEAR FOOTSTEPS, THEY'RE ALL AROUND US. THEY'RE--

--EVERYWHERE.

IT DOESN'T MATTER IF I'M *DEAD,* SISTER--HE'S GONNA BE FURIOUS REGARDLESS!

WE'VE NEVER FAILED HIM BEFORE. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE'LL DO!

SISTER, SISTER--YOU HAVE TO REST! YOU TOOK A BULLET FOR HIM. SURELY HE'LL UNDERSTAND.

YOU DON'T KNOW HIM LIKE I DO, SISTER.

HE DOESN'T FORGIVE, OR *FORGET.*

MY SWEET, SWEET MAY... OF COURSE I FORGIVE YOU.

BUT JUST THIS ONCE. YOU HAVE MY WORD...

...AND THE BROW ALWAYS KEEPS HIS WORD!

To Be Continued...

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THE NEW SPACE AGE #1

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ICARUS STATION III
2055 A.D.

WHEN I WAS A KID, I PROMISED MY LITTLE BROTHER JOEY THAT WE'D SEE THE STARS TOGETHER.

THAT'S WHY I BECAME AN ASTRONAUT.

ICARUS III

THIS IS ICARUS STATION-- A MASSIVE ENGINE FAILURE HAS DESTROYED PART OF THE HULL. TELL THE SUPPLY SHIP TO TURN BACK!

SUPPLY SHIP ONE? THIS IS **ISP*** CONTROL. TURN YOUR SHIP AROUND, WE NEED TO SEND A RECOVERY SHIP. OVER.

*International Space Station

THIS IS CAPTAIN MARK MITCHELL, THAT RESCUE SHIP WILL NEVER GET THERE IN TIME--I'M MOVING IN FOR A RESCUE. OVER AND OUT.

DAMN IT, MITCHELL! YOU LEAVE THIS TO THE **RECOVERY CREWS.** IF YOU EVEN **GRAZE** THAT STATION, YOU'LL SHATTER IT--

THE DAY THAT JOEY VANISHED, I MADE MYSELF TWO NEW PROMISES.

FIRST, I WOULD DO ***ANYTHING*** TO FIND HIM. AND ***SECOND--***

--I WOULD *NEVER* LEAVE ANYONE ELSE BEHIND.

EVERYBODY, *HANG ON TIGHT!*

THIS IS YOUR SUPPLY RUNNER TURNED RESCUER, CAPTAIN MITCHELL, SPEAKING. CLIMB INSIDE THE CARGO HOLD AND WE'LL HEAD DOWN TO THE SURFACE.

BUT I HAVE TO WARN YOU, I'M TAKING THE **SCENIC ROUTE...**

INTERNATIONAL SPACE PROGRAM
MERRITT ISLAND, FLORIDA.

ISP

"...BECAUSE I'VE GOT A FEELING I WON'T BE FLYING AGAIN ANYTIME SOON."

"A *TWO HUNDRED-AND FIFTY-BILLION-DOLLAR* SPACE STATION--*GONE!* BECAUSE *YOU* COULDN'T *FOLLOW ORDERS!*"

I'M A PILOT. I HAVE TO BELIEVE I CAN MAKE THE RIGHT CALLS UP THERE.

ONLY AN *IDIOT* WOULD THINK THAT STATION WAS GOING TO HOLD--

WHAT MARK'S *TRYING* TO SAY, CHIEF ROSEN, IS THAT THE *REAL* PROBLEM WAS OUR INITIAL FUNDING.

WITHOUT SECURITY CHECKS, WE COULDN'T FIND THAT FAULT IN THE ENGINE THAT EXPLODED.

CAN IT, BOBBY--WE'RE *DONE* WITH EXCUSES.

I JUST GOT OFF THE PHONE WITH CONGRESS AND THE PENTAGON--THE SPACE PROGRAM IS *DEAD.*

THIS WAS ABOUT KEEPING US IN BUSINESS, AND YOU *RUINED* IT.

SO, THIS IS HOW THE SPACE PROGRAM *DIES?* NO *BANG,* JUST A *WHIMPER?*

WITH MEN LIKE YOU IN CHARGE, I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED.

YOU GOT SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SAY TO ME, *SMART-ASS?* MAYBE WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT SOME *"STOLEN EQUIPMENT"* YOU MIGHT WANT TO RETURN?

BETWEEN THE DESTROYED STATION AND THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS OF *MISSING SCANNING EQUIPMENT,* WE'RE *COOKED. ISP* IS *OVER.* SPACE TRAVEL IS GOING FULLY PRIVATE.

OH, WAIT, I *KNOW*...WHY DON'T YOU RUN UP AND DOWN THE HALLWAYS TALKING ABOUT HOW YOUR *IDIOT BROTHER* WAS *"ABDUCTED BY ALIENS"* AGAIN?

READ THE FULL STORY IN THE NEW SPACE AGE #1 DECEMBER 2025

BECAUSE ONE GRAPHIC NOVEL IS NEVER ENOUGH

MAD CAVE

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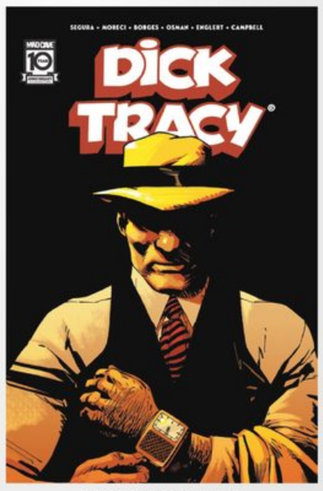

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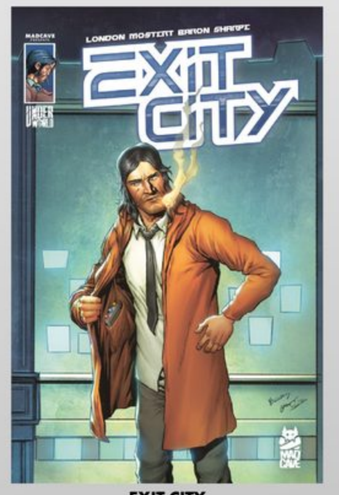

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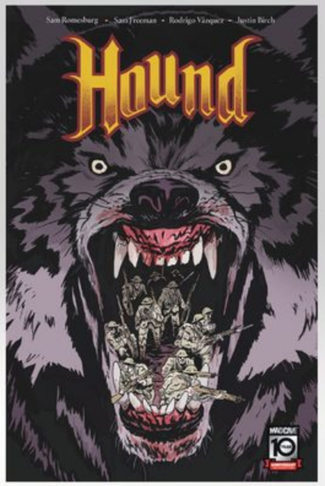

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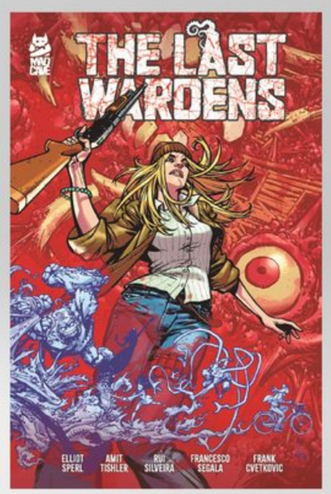

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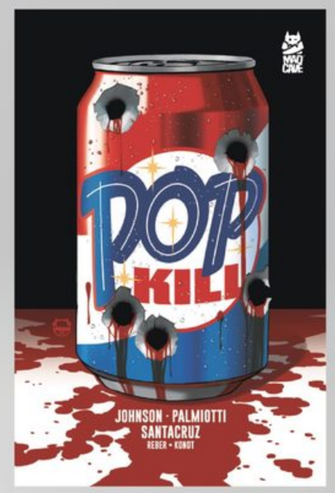

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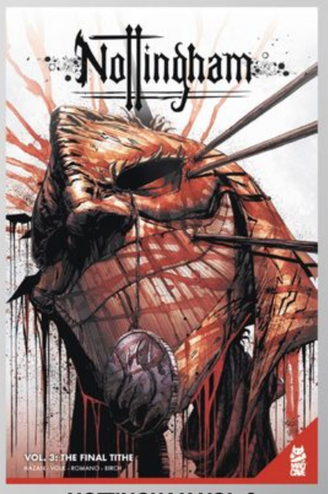

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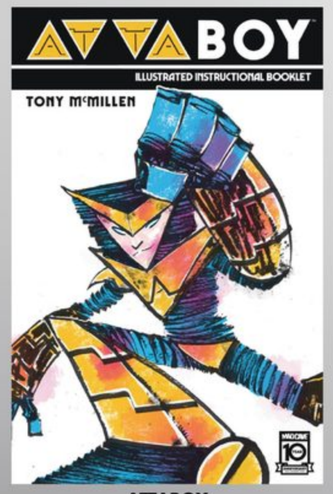

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"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"